Vol. VI. Numb. 4

THE OBSERVATOR.

On a Noble Lady,
Whoſe ſlender Fingers play their Part
With ſuch Dexterity and Art,
As would enflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

Alſo on a Lawyer,
—— Whoſe either Eye
Is on the other ſet a Spy,
And to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both ſtrive to blink.

Likewiſe the Country-man's *Ramble. With ſome material Diſcourſes upon* Simeon *and* Levi, *viz. The* Six-Clerks-Office, *and the Tribe of* Leſley.

From Wednesday, March 12. to Saturday, March 15. 170⅞.

Obſ. WELL, *Roger*, what News in *London?*

Country-m. They ſay, Maſter, the noble Lord Keeper is marry'd; do you know to whom?

Obſ. Yes, *Roger*, he has marry'd a Lady, whoſe Beauty is prophan'd when toaſted; the Muſick of whoſe Fingers, is equal to the Muſick of *his* Tongue: The happy Pair have Accompliſhments ſo lofty, that Elocution has no Notes to reach 'em, even the ſtrongeſt Wings of Fancy would tire in attempting ſuch an Eminence.

Country-m. Hey dey! Maſter *Obſervator* is got upon the Wings of Fancy, and is flown from poor *Roger*, his *Country-man.* Come down, High-flyer, and tell me, whether you are not violently in Love with each of the Pair? And whether you could not, in this Fit, make Verſes?

Obſ. May be I am, and may be I could; what then?

Country-m. Nay, don't be peeviſh, Maſter; come, I'll oblige you, and aſk you a Queſtion, How does my Lord diſpatch his Cauſes?

Obſ. In one Year he has perform'd the Action of the Sun, viſited and done Juſtice to all the Round of Suitors.

Country-m Pugh, Maſter, if you won't talk in my Spere, I'll leave you.

Obſ. Sphere, you mean, *Roger*; but who's peeviſh now?

Country-m. Your *Country-man* is, unleſs you'll ſpeak plain.

Obſ. Why then, to ſpeak very plain, his Lordſhip has heard as many Cauſes, as Somebody has Petitions. This Somebody, *Roger*, is like an old Turn-ſpit, always ſick, or to ſeek, when he ſhould do Buſineſs; but *no near*, ſays the Sailor.

Country-m. Now you talk of Petitions, it puts me in Mind of a Ramble I had a little while ago.

Obſ. Where, *Roger?*

Country-m. Why, Maſter, I walk'd up *Fleet-ſtreet*, and ſtood ſtaring at the two ſtriking Things at *St. Dunſtan*'s Church, 'till my Pocket was pick'd; next I took a Turn and a Gape in the *Temple*, and then I follow'd ſome of the black Church Lawyers into *Chancery-Lane*, and crep'd after 'em into a Place on the Right Hand; where, after ſome Time, came down an old Gentleman, that found me out preſently; he certainly knew me to be your *Country-man*, by his looking aſkew at me: However, I ſtood buff, and by and by the old Gentleman grew pitious angry with a Lawyer in the Corner; for you muſt know, he would fain have heard his Cauſes; but the Lawyer would let him hear nothing but Petitions; and ſo there was a great Tug between them; and at laſt, the Lawyer got the Better of the old Gentleman, and made him hear Petitions in Spight of his Teeth —. You know, Maſter, my Pocket was pick'd, and is ſtill empty; will you lend me half a Peice?

Obſ. What for, *Roger?*

Country-m. Why, I would go juſt now, and fee that ſame Lawyer, for I am certain, the Parſon and I ſhall quarrel about Tythes.

Obſ. In the firſt Place, *Roger*, the Conteſt you have related, is like that between a late Admiral, and a *French* Count; a meer mock Fight —. 2dly, The *Doctor of the Dead* would be of the Parſon's Side —. 3dly, I have no Money. 4thly, I —.

Country-m. Hold, Mr. *Spintext*, if you get in the Trak to 30thly, I'll go to ſleep. Beſides, your laſt Reaſon is worth a thouſand. I'll bate you all the reſt. But, Maſter, who is this Doctor of the Dead?

Obſ. One that gives his Clyents a Yard of *MOON-SHINE.*

Country-m. Look you, Maſter, you'll get no Honour by bantering a Country-man. Will you tell me, or no?

Obſ. Why, 'tis the Lawyer in the Corner, *Roger*; but you are ſo peeviſh, there's no ſpeaking to you. Come, tell me how many Petitions did the old Gentleman hear?

Country-m. Nay, I am no Arithmetician, I can't tell the Number, but there was a great many of 'em. Pray, Maſter, what has the *good* old Gentleman for all the Pains he takes? And who pays him.

Obſ. The Governments pays him; for you muſt know, *Roger*, he'll take Money from none elſe. This *Truth* his Secretary, and poor *B—d*, can atteſt; and if their Teſtimony is not ſufficient, I would have a *Subpœna ad Teſtificandum* to moſt of the Lawyers at Bar, to the ninety Clerks in *Chancery*, to the Court of Aldermen, Common Council and Chamberlain of *London.* But, *Roger*, where did you ramble afterwards?

Country-m. I went over the Way, into a dark Entry, and follow'd a huge Number of People up Stairs, and there was the oddeſt *Meeting* that ever was. I'm ſure there were 80 or

90 Pews at leaſt, but no Pulpit or Parſon. Some of the Volk were *humbly complaining* of their Sins, to be ſure. Others were talking of ſaving, but ſo niggardly, that they would have it only a *ſaving to themſelves now, and at all Times hereafter.* While others, as if they had been charg'd by the Government with Conſpiracy, deny'd with a loud Voice, *all and all manner of Combination and Confederacy.* And the laſt Parcel of 'em were a writing down what the laſt ſaid, but not in Short-Hand, Maſter,—. Pray, Sir, let me aſk you a civil Queſtion: Did any Biſhop Licenſe this Meeting?

Obſ. No, *Roger*, this is no Godly Meeting; 'tis a Neſt of *Satan*'s beſt Friends, where his Image ſhines prædominant; a true *Rookery*, noiſy and quarrelſom only when they rob one another.

Country-m. If they are not licens'd, why is not the Neſt demoliſh'd?

Obſ. You will be aſking Queſtions with a dirty Face. If you muſt know, the old Gentleman you ſaw, and the *tender-hearted* Lord *Jefferys*, licens'd thirty of 'em.

Country-m. What had, or has the old Gentleman for it?

Obſ. I think the Fellow is bewitch'd. I told you before, he takes no Money; his Hand would ſhake as much as his Elbow, if he was to touch any *Species* of it.

Country-m. But, Maſter, was there not enough of theſe Clerks, before the thirty were added? Did they want Buſineſs?

Obſ. Why, *Roger*, does the Increaſe of Clerks, increaſe Buſineſs?

Country-m. What a Queſtion is that! Don't you know, that the Increaſe of Knaves, is the Increaſe of ill Practices!

Obſ. Well, *Roger*, I ſubmit ——. But whether did you ramble afterwards?

Country-m. I went Home to my Wife, *Joan.*

Obſ. What made you ſo angry with honeſt *Ned*, the Major, lately?

Country-m. I was not angy, but merry; I can't forbear laughing at him, for beſtowing his Warmth upon ſuch a Reptile.

Obſ. One Queſtion more: What makes you call the Lawyers, the black Church?

Country-m. You'll be aſking Queſtions too, with a —— *Bon-Grace.*

Obſ. Well turn'd, *Roger*; however, anſwer the Queſtion.

Country-m. You muſt know, our Parſon aſſures me, on the Word of a Prieſt, that there are three ſorts of Churches; the Army, he ſays, is the *red* Church, the Lawyers the *black* Church, and the ——, gueſs at the third, Maſter.

Obſ. The Church of *England*, as by Law eſtabliſh'd, is the *white* one.

Country-m. A Witch upon my Honour.

Obſ. But hark, *Roger*, muſt you and I part without a Slap at the flaming, flagrant, *Iriſh* Prieſt?

Country-m. No, Maſter, I had rather part with dry Lips. Come, here's my Service to you.

Obſ. Thank you, honeſt *Roger.*

Country-m. But, Maſter, I ſcarce think *Leſley* ſo bad as you paint him. The Prieſts of the moſt High, are known by their Meekneſs, Humility, Brotherly Love, and Godly Charity.— *Satan* too has his Prieſts, but thoſe are diſtinguiſh'd by the Marks of Wroth, Envy, Malice, and Cruelty. Now, Maſter, convince the World, as well as your *Country-man*, to whoſe Temple *Leſley* belongs, and don't argue, but produce Vouchers out of ſome of his Books. Show me Proof of his Hatred to Proteſtant Diſſenters.

Obſ. I am glad to find you ſerious; I'll not only oblige you in this, but for the future; I'll ſprinkle his Expreſſions in theſe Papers, that the World may ſee his Picture drawn by himſelf ——. But to return; take this Inſtance out of the *New Aſſoc.* part 2. fol. 6. (ſpeaking of a Book call'd, *The ſhorteſt Way with the Diſſenters*) "This, ſays *Leſley*, is a new Engine *of the Faction, be-*
"*ing wrote in the Stile of a Church-man, with* an Air
"of Wit, and a great Deal of Truth; which they
"thought would make the Severity paſs, as coming
"from the Church-Party, to have the Diſſenters treat-
"ed according to what he had prov'd to be their *DE-*
"*SERTS*, that is, the Preachers to be ſent to the *Gallows*,
"and the Hearers to the *Gallies.*"

Country-m. Maſter, in my Opinion, the *Iriſh-man* is angry he was not the Coiner of the Expreſſion, That the diſſenting Preachers deſerv'd to be ſent to the Gallows, and the Hearers to the Gallies —. But, Maſter, why does he print the Word *Deſerts*, in great Letters?

Obſ. That's for Fear the World ſhould not do him Juſtice, to take Notice of his Opinion.

Country-m. This Fellow has the Similitude of *Satan*'s Stamp deep; ſure, Maſter, if we were to look under his Gown, we ſhould find young cloven Feet; ſome ſuch furious Spirit rul'd his Country-men the *Iriſh*, when that Soil was fatten'd with the Blood of ſlaughter'd Proteſtants and this *Son of Belial*; (as he terms the Diſſenters in the Suppliment to *Aſſoc.* part 2. fol. 16.) is in Rage, 'till the ſame horrid Scene of Blood is tranſlated to *England.* Is this he that complains of 41? He's only mad he had not a Hand in it. But pray, Maſter, tell me, who were at the *Helm* in the Days of 41, and of the *Iriſh* Maſſacre?

Obſ. My Lord *Clarendon* anſwers this Queſtion, and tells you, lib. 2. fol. 73. "The Power of the Clergy
"grew tranſcendant, and the Faculties and Underſtand-
"ings of the Lay Councellors, dull, lazy, and inactive;
"for without the laſt, the firſt could have done no hurt."
The Hurt proceeded from the Activity of the Clergy, and the Supineneſs of the Laity; the whole Expreſſion ſeems to carry this ſecret Meaning, That if the Laity act but feebly, and do not hold the Hands of the Clergy, they certainly work ſome Evil.

Country-m. Let me Rhyme upon this Occaſion, Maſter.

Obſ. Out with it, *Roger.*

Country-m. *Theſe Prieſts, like Monkeys, Miſchief do,*
Where e'er their Chain will let them go;
If then you would be free from Pain,
My Friends, be ſure contract the Chain.

And now, Maſter, my Service to you, and ſo good Night.

Advertiſements.

This Day is publiſh'd,

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